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DR. CAIRNS

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## All about OZ

**editors:** Richard Walsh, Dean Letcher,  
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**design:** Loni Snowdon  
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**MARCH 9:** A magistrate's attempts to stamp out illegal betting was prize-worthy, Sydney's Judge Amberg told the Quarter Sessions Appeals Court. But, alas, the magistrate had — er — erred a bit. The man (caught street betting on Boxing Day) had been sentenced to three months' gaol and the maximum penalty for the offence was a mere \$200 fine. The magistrate involved was that great dispenser of justice and whiz bang legal mind — wait for it — **Gerry A. Laska.**

**March 13** The Victorian University's efforts to prostitute their ideals of every opportunity to placate Sir Henry Philistine are remarkable. First Melbourne gave him an Honorary Degree, then Monash tried the same stunt and got more embarrassment than kudos out of the effort. Then Melbourne dropped up Sir Robert as their Chancellor, after Monash had named the "Mung Wing" (of "Humanities", a touch of genius by some anonymous sycophant) after him. Finally Melbourne University prevented the "Trial of Sir Henry Bolte" after Ryiah put the hard word on the V.C. Of course, the Good Arthur denies he put any pressure at all; he merely "rang for the simple reason that as a graduate of Melbourne University I could not imagine anything in worse taste. At the same time I could not imagine the university doing itself much good by this sort of nonsense."

Having served notice that he is a dispenser of "Something Good" to universities, Arthur will now sit back and wait for the Honorary Doctorates (in Sophistry) to roll dutifully in.

**MARCH 15:** An influential group of Papuans and New Guineans reassured their demand for immediate home rule and early independence. Which makes them just a shade more courageous than the country from whom they are seeking independence, which hasn't the guts to establish itself as an independent republic.

**MARCH 15:** The old non-news just keeps on in the Sydney reprinting papers. The Mirror's front page featured a "Victory for Action Line" (their followup to the Sun's "Hotline", which was just celebrating its first very successful six months); "Gang Lord Killa Six" (Part 1 of their "Sydney Crime File" series—the Sun was carrying "The Dr. Shepherd Case" in one million tedious instal-



Forthright, outspoken saw Leber leader E. Gaugh Whittam, makes a point as he hammers home the ALP's controversial "new-look" comprehensive policy on curbsomest of urban sprawl in outer Sydney suburbs. Gaugh, before announcing Labour policy as such provocative matters, gets THE WORD from his Executive. Mum's the word.

Spread the word.

# BUY A TICKET

'IF I HAD A TICKET' — A Festival Record by Phil Jones and THE UNKNOWN BLUES

# DREARY DAY

series) and Part 2 of their syndication of Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood" (to counter San's more exclusive interviews with Jackie Kennedy, whom Fairfax seems to own).

No news may be good news, but it's also bloody dull news the way the Sydney papers push it.

**MARCH 10:** Army Minister Fraser announced the imposition of a quota system on family bereavement. If one member of a family is lost or maimed, his brothers' services will no longer be required.

**MARCH 17:**

**WE PAY  
FOR OUR  
FRUIT  
TO GO  
OVERSEAS**

We were wondering where all the queens had suddenly got to.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, Wednesday, March 16, 1967

**March 19:** Headline of the month: "SIR FRANCIS NEARS HORN" (Sunday Telegraph). Well, so would you be with all those months with nary a woman in sight and all hands on deck.

**MARCH 20:** A young man was reported to police leaping across rooftops in Goodhope Street, Paddington. When they arrived, he got inside a chimney and started removing bricks from inside the pot and hurling them at the police below.

This kind of thing is always happening at Paddo, where the crooks will do anything not to be arrested in the area. The penalty for being caught in Paddington is to be brought before Paddington Police Court and in magistrate, the notorious G. A. Locke.

**MARCH 21:** The Chief Justice of NSW described two anaesthetists appealing against their suspensions for infamous conduct as from the "hargula basement" of the medical profession. He said that they should not be judged by the standards of the "stik department"—the specialists and professors.

Of course, to be perfectly

consistent, the Chief Justice should not be so hard on the "hargula basement" of the legal profession, the gentlemen who have recently been disbarred for taking excessive fees. But then, to be just (after all this is his field), Sir Leslie should not relent in his insistence that proper medical treatment and legal representation be made available to all, riding the need for any "hargula basement".

**MARCH 22:** Publication of the LBJ-Ho Chi Minh exchange of letters was like an elaborate Rorschach, revealing inner commitment.

The Sydney Morning Herald, with its usual ingenious open-mindedness, declared "Any reasonably unbiased person" (the editor of the SMH surely spied out of his role about six months ago, "reading the two letters, cannot but be left" (the SMH editorial characterizedly leaps into quasi-odd-fashioned prose as a warning of impending glib judgment) "with the strong impression that America is grossly anxious to get peace negotiations started and that North Vietnam is indifferent."

Of course, where Granny Herald was Ho's strongest, when may we see a justified or de sever against his editor's expression. Granny has great emphasis on the fact that Ho writes that, if his conditions are met, he "read" talk peace (not would, never obvious uncertainty). Yet (as Francis James pointed out in a Letter to the Editor) LBJ only said that, if his conditions were met, he would be "prepared" to talk peace.

In its best bit of cobble, the SMH editorial declared that Ho's demands are that "the U.S. must stop all aid of war against North Vietnam, withdraw all troops from North Vietnam and recognize the National Liberation Front, President Johnson, on the other hand, offered to negotiate unconditionally." (That is, with the small exception of his condition that he will not negotiate directly with his principal opponent, the N.L.F.).

With such an obvious monopoly of good faith on our side, little wonder that the "reasonably unbiased" SMH was at long last returned war.

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## To Rushdon with Love

APRIL 7: News item: Alleged "senior" Willie Rushdon has announced impending marriage to actress Arlene Dorgas.



Every girl wants to wed a cool cat  
One who's merry with money and chat  
But oh! to be Dorgas  
And to wake in the morn'g  
To three teeth, surrounded by fat.

ONLY BY DAY  
DREHRY DAY

CONT.

MARCH 26:

## American Cup Trials

Today I thought that Grell might have turned the tables on The Dame. The upset came when both shoppers asked their man speakers and beat to wendward up the list of the speaker's bagging. Ulla Fox, today's new shopper of Grell, reached ahead the shouting when Starnick called for the Damsy's shoes and broke out a new man and the rest of her own gear. Suddenly Sir Frank moved up wendward with Grell and while Sir Frank was moved to return to replace Fox, the Damsy's broke to factory.

From that point the game beat up the ice in a tight race that was not to be judged at.

Although Gordon Ingram had once previously proved his supremacy on this three meters of the course, Sir Frank kept with Kerry. But when a 15 foot break swept in on the local roller grounds, Trype Holmes took command as expected, and it was Bill Northam's turn for a trick at the wheel.

At the second buoy Bill Muebner was well in evidence in the rigging and Hal-son was back to Sir Frank's following launch.

At the completion of the race, the Packer spokesman, Mike Rushdon, said the team was particularly impressed with Gustia's performance over the second fifth of the

Famous people are always having children. Rarely do they ever give them really colourful names. Why don't we ever read:

- To Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Bran, a daughter, Tjyvana.
- To Mr. & Mrs. Brendan Behan, a son, Lee.
- To Mr. & Mrs. Michael Caine, a daughter, Novo.
- To Mr. & Mrs. Patrick White, a son, Org.
- To Mr. & Mrs. Sam, another daughter, Kay.

Any more? A year's subscription to the best list.



third leg when she started supposing to herself as opposed to the inferior to herself she revealed over most of the rest of the course.

March 27: The Torrey Canyon finally split up and released its oil into the Channel and, mainly, the Cornish coast and Harold Wilson's Home-away-from-Downing - Street, the Scilly Isles.

With Britain still finding immense French opposition to its European Common Market entry, one can only hope that the Torrey Canyon poured a little oil on the troubled waters.

March 28: India's Foreign Minister, Mr. Chagla, announced that India is now capable of building her own atomic bomb. With a birthrate of one million new citizens per day and no visible means of feeding them, it is certainly a great comfort that India has finally developed a more efficient method than famine for destroying human life.

March 29: Lovely picture on page 2 of the Sydney "Sun" of the local ALP heavies sitting listening to a lecture on how to get their image well not exactly their image, but the image which they would like to project across on television. TV producer Kit Denton told them: "Everyone else in the studio is a skilled professional. You are a commodity in a program. Nothing more." If only it were true.

Also in "the Sun", a headline of our times on their main features story: "SEX DRUGS—They turn out super spermatozoa but are they dangerous?" Immediate reaction: which sex drugs? LSD (for "high" jumpers perhaps?), marijuana (for the "shot pot")?

Dear Oz 100

## Happy Birthday

CPB  
HBO

on Mon April, 1963



Alas, "The Sun" was somehow calling sex hormones "sex drugs" and since every woman on The Pill imbibes these hormones once a day no doubt "The Sun" will some day, when it is short on news, come out with: **SHOCK REPORT**—half Aussie ee sex drugs!"

April 1:  
What was the fate of "Grebl"?



**APRIL 3:** Australia had its first "TAB killing". Perplexed and misunderstanding, we called up our friendly cake baker to make sure those magic ingredients hadn't finally claimed a victim.

**APRIL 4:** We notice that this year's Sydney Film Festival has picked up something from last year's abortive attempt at a second NSW Festival: two visiting celebrities (von Sternberg and Sweden's Jan Darner) and a stronger line-up of films. What a pity they couldn't flush out their old audiences, which used to shuffle restlessly through the avant-garde stuff.

This year's feature is Godard's "Alphaville", which is as good a place as any to dismiss those incredibly square filmgoers that the Festival somehow manages to unearth.

APRIL 6:  
Hubert Humphrey sat on The  
Wall,  
Dumpy Humphrey had a close call,  
All so reminiscent of Dallas.  
And all the crowd sang, "Ho Chi  
Minh where Allen?"

**April 7: The "Bushfire Test"**  
began at Melbourne Cricket  
Ground. For The Ashes, no  
doubt.

**A**PRIL 9: Paul ("Mr. Arrogance") Hasbuck returned from Japan with the heartening news that Japan is ready to co-operate with Australia, Internationally and the discouraging verdict: "We talked the same kind of language, intelligently speaking." We thought the Japanese were smarter than that.

**April 10** **Nee-deelal of the Month,**  
A Sydney University spokesman hot.

ly dismissed the suggestion that shots had recently been fired at students:

"No shots have been fired in the immediate vicinity of students."

"There may have been shots fired but certainly not at students on St. Patrick's Day eve or any other time."

"The 16 officers we have at the university are doing a tremendous job among 16,000 students."

"Before talking about shooting, a lot of people should ask themselves what would distinguish a student from a hoodlum at 2 o'clock in the morning."

In other words, of course, we shoot at the students but who wouldn't?

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I never had such a  
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—J. R. R. Tolkien

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OZ, April 1967 7

# hippies

The ultimate description is "beautiful" and the only you is far Zen. If it isn't "beautiful", it's "villigious", and if it isn't Zen, it must be Hindu. The East is IN but San Francisco is Mecca. For hippies, that is.

In London and the U.S. the hippies are riding "high" and it's LSD that blew them up there, with a bit of help from Emerson Professor Tim Leary and American Port Allen Ginsberg and a nod to "The Thoughts of Chairman Mao". A couple of Americans in London are producing its main newspaper *The International Times*, which gives as good an account as any of what's happening.

Take, for example, its No. 6 issue, which has just hit our shores.

The newspaper illustration is in the Psychedelic Art Nouveau style, black and ornately ornamental. The main news is of the massive San Francisco "human bon" which ran through several and attracted 20,000 "in crazy hats, no scrapes, no leather boots, shoes, with hobbles, with dogs, carrying bells, books, candles". They stood around a dial in a polo field, burning incense and listening to speeches, while smoke-bombs went off and parachutes spontaneously "happened" out of the winter sky.

In London IT has formed "The Leeds Day Happening Society" to bring its adherents each spontaneously once a week, and page three features a shot of a 23-year-old badge manufacturer (known west hippies are only part-time, work and sleep men) adding final touches to a jolly and paint composition on





accompanying one of the spontaneous happenings at JT's Uncommon Market at the Round House on Sunday. Some people cheered a mouthful, others stomped in it some threw it around. Mike Lesser looked excited in it. Most people just watched him. Participation seemed to be among members mainly, but at least the critics are honest. "JT benefited—not a lot, more than enough to make it worthwhile."

The paper is also dotted with honest offers for all kinds of other happenings (e.g., "Convinced Happening at Fulham Town Hall" next Sat.), for Pregnancy Test Services, for vacant openings ("FIVE/SEVEN MISTRESSES WANTED: Wanted, experienced golden to author stand, male, 20-30, sexual into erotic story"). There were also the books "Turning Away" (George Andrews' poems of Total Existence from self-revelation experiences); "Living Theatre Poems" (poetry by Jack Mullan and other members of the famous anti-gypsy turned-on, wandering, homeless, poverty-stricken theatre group); and books of all "Psychic Front" from the Tao Te Ching by Timothy Leary ("My poems in preparation for the season, for entry, offer to the energy process, to the psychic code, to the external and internal sense organs").

The literary market stage, from an inner view with Pat Townsend of the WBSO, an anti-interactive group, who speaks of the dissolving emotional barriers of the anti-anti-pop scene. "You not afraid of telling everything I do as art form. I've just never thought of it further than it being something that previously I got pleasure out of, and which made me money. And now my money I've washed up 38 pence now which all cost about £200 each, but when the amount of equipment that I've set live to. But people just don't care any more. I go on and stand a £200 guitar and they go home and say, 'You did some quite good stuff.' When I first did a people used to come up to me and say, 'You bastard! I've been saving all my life for a guitar at half of that price and there you are washing it up on stage. Give me the bid and I have to say, 'Calin down, it's all in the name' and suddenly people just come up and say 'Like your LP.' And then I am still getting the same kinks, it's the ultimate end to this; along we go, we play through our LP tracks and we do our fake announcements and we do our commercial numbers and we do our announcements. And then it comes to the end, we do 'My Generation' and we f—ing wash everything up."

Then there's a story on the "Digger mystique". The headquarters of the Diggers is a multi-colored prairie decorated in the Pic Frame of Beckstein, and everything they do is done (they produced 1000 sandwiches for the Vietnam War). They complain "We refuse to consume. And so do our things for nothing in truth so does our protest. Everything we do is free, because we are fed back. We've got nothing, so we've got nothing to lose."

The Digger "savior" is George Meloy, the Mad Bomber of New York in 1953. All Digger correspondence is signed with Meloy's name and he was seized because he "served prison in an insanity. A study is now of the revolution of the Digger philosophy. Ten thousand people marching around the Federal Building protesting the war is rubbish," one explains. "But wouldn't it be great to have 10,000 people marching around the Federal Building for no reason at all?"

The dictionary over political protest and disapproval in fact seems to have been one of the few significant quotations raised by the first Human Event.

One artist commented: "It was badly organized. There was great potential that for protest. If I could have got in a mobile phone I would have said what was in my heart. The organizers implied that they were against the war but that they didn't want to bother people about it on this occasion."

The official reply to, sure the Vietnamese, was has to be ended, but "you've got to withdraw out your own heads first. How can we ever have a groovy, happy society unless everybody in it has reached his own nirvana?"

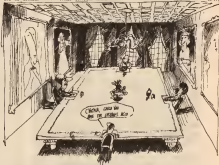
Of mass, political indifference can be a stream, as one JT letter writer explains: "There is one aspect of JT, however, which rather worries me, that is its continuing leaning in political terms of thought and protest. As long as politicians are taken seriously or even mentioned they know they are in control. What worries them

about JT is the fact that people can make their own sense without reference to politics."

Perhaps, anyhow, the political situation will look after itself with the growth of the hippy movement, in one of its leaders' words from the depths of his personal experience: "In about seven or eight years the perched population of the United States will be able to vote anybody into office they want to. Allen Ginsberg? Sure. Allen is a very smart guy and Allen is a master politician. Which is beautiful in such a grade person. Imagine what it would be like to have anybody in high political office with an understanding of the universe. I mean, let's just imagine that Bobby Kennedy has a fully expanded consciousness. Just imagine him in his position, what he would be able to do."

Early tonight, Push his Nirvana Embodiment, Roll through both Houses. It depends on how seriously you take a movement that may yet prove the theatre's secret: "A life of bliss! It would be hell on earth!"

—R.W.



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# NIGHT OF THE AUC

By the time the Federal Government was through savoring the recommendations of the Australian Universities' Commission, the tree of knowledge in this country had been well and truly ringbarked. Their unkind cut of all was in post-graduate research grants — at a time when fruits of research are vital to any nation interested in creative self-

preservation. Even Commonwealth dollar-for-dollar incentives to the States had little effect, and the last month has witnessed the depressing spectacle of Cutler, Gordon and Baile — the three stooges of higher education — pointing to each other's responsibilities as a way of opting out of their own.

What with Canberra splashing its education reserves on State aid schemes which in effect rob Peter to pay St. Paul's, and the States more concerned about the length of airport runways than the education crisis, some new formula for turning *Variety* rigs to riches must be found. Perhaps the solution lies in a more politic selection of researchers and research projects by the Universities themselves. For example, the following procession of research synopses would be certain to tug at the heart and purse strings of any saggardly politician:

**H. E. BOLTE, LL.D.** (Orem): "The Victorian Way of Death." Latest addition to the Mosaic Hall of Fame, this expert sociological study to conduct an authoritative post-mortem on the decaying effect of capital punishment. His struggle from the shoulder-shoulders of the subject in his own rich talking style will surely bring to his undoubted scholarship that popular appeal which has followed him on every platform, be it common or golden. This opportunity for Dr. Bolte, the man with his finger on every pulse to pick the beats of our crime statistics must not be missed. His intention to list the statistics of the number of widders that by century previous used Ryan's death speak for themselves.

**ANDREW T. JONES** (discontinued): "Recklessness University business. Mine is valuable. US favorite dropout in a learned post-graduate sham on career opportunities for the underdog with a head too big for his trousers. Andrew, lusty and more learnedly appointed to Canberra's School of Double Death (on the way to taking his own Power beyond), will make exhaustive investigations into right-ends and snap shows in order to prove his undergrowth theory that mental growth is severely related to length of hair. Harold will be sure to grasp this chance to

allow his embarrassing back-biting to goe back into obscurity with a one-way research ticket to Redford Park.

**DAVID HUGHES, B.Sc.** (Jonglery): This eminent man of many parts has already produced highly satisfactory results in the various research tasks in which he has been sublimated by the State Treasury. His works, "The A.E.C. of Opera", "Do It Yourself Architecture", "How to Bring a Great Dane to Meet", all bear the stamp of a genuinely creative jobholder. He now asks Government support for his new research into the best way of turning the second half of the Opera House into a car-park.

**DAVID ARMSTRONG, B.A., B.Phil., Ph.D.** (Sydney University's top marks). Calum Professor of Philosophy and worthy successor to John Anderson, requests a Federal grant for research into "The Kibitz of Vietnam Commuters". Turning the truth within circles of Government policy, this champion of mere random formulae to retorticate the war, explode Bertrand Russell, and hell I.B.B. in the latest-day Levitation. He further harness his experience with telling insight into the wilds of Vietnam and the morality of her people — and all that from his armchair in the land of red bricks and mortar benches.

**FRANK KNOPFELLMACHER, B.A., Ph.D.** For the low price of one research grant, Dr. K. will lift the lid on Finkelstein Academic's notorious "Vain Place", revealing it as a hoed of middle-class postures and other campus revolutionaries. For a small commission (Royal priority) he will bear his report with liberal extracts from his forthcoming publication "The Sex Life of Friedrich May" and describe a genuine Vietnam spicing in work in the Engineering Department of Sydney University. A popular Catholic Martin in the time of the Passover has academic promotion, Knuffin is sure that his work will prove the age of death for all Red Dunes, travelling fellows, etc., at present posturing our seats of learning.

—G.R.





OR THE SEARCH FOR A  
TRUE DEFINITION OF A GREAT  
SUBJECT

by

"A. Mookye King"

HSTH: In the 14th century a learned Bishop  
preached "later fasson of unfasson answair".

When HISTORY we ponder to define,  
What MOTTS or MAKINGS chiefly seems to  
define?

Yes, CHURCHILL, told us what we felt  
before

With your sage dictum, "History is War!"  
Yes, HOPE, since poets are wiser in Man-  
kind,

Sung "History is the Anna of the Mind!"  
Your Latin, FATHER, we may yet prefer  
"later fasson of unfasson answair",  
Which means (more nicely) that, "Our  
History's here.

Between those Poets we usually score."

First, heed the Statesman's words, who leads  
us here

Knows well the means, a painful path:  
On books disguised as Literature and Law  
Boys are raised up from Ignorance to War.  
We graduate in Rats, Systems, Credits,  
And learn how Bombs and Cannons meet  
their needs:

Have, FARRIED Play on your Rules of  
Death:

Between the sea and Peace, a moment's  
breath;



Then start the stage again; your bloody  
sword unsheath!

Repeat to HOLTS and JOMNIGNI the old  
Law

They follow well, that "History is War!"  
Bring in your Clubs the newest noble story  
Barnard's the Fane, and Mammer's the  
glory!

You, POET, with real inspiration rising,  
Sing us a definition unsurprising,  
Yes, History's the Tale of Human Fane;  
She sheds rich Ornaments of men's fates of  
Shame.

We raise her Heroes high, who taxing plus  
The last Evocation of dull Mins,

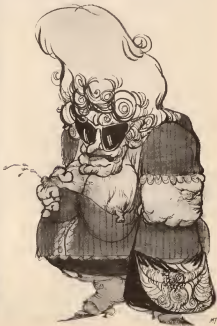
The Consumption of our winning Land  
By History, 'the Anna of the Mind'

But last, most holy BISHOP, wise Davine!  
We ponder on our graves, again and  
We, "and the Ordure and the Urns born"  
Should praise the Slaughtering we pretend to  
score,

WE are the CENTRE of this awful Thing,  
Fresh fruits of Murder round about us  
cling.

And as among such things we first saw  
Light,

Still in our ancient Action we delight,  
And bombing, burning, killing, sink on to  
endless blight



# EDUCATING E.G.W.

1934 was E. G. Whitley's last year at Canberra Grammar. He was a prefect and on the editorial panel of "The Canberra". Also at the school, a year behind Gough, was the present publisher of "The Anglican" and OZ's Religious Editor, Francis James. We are happy to record that young Francis is listed in "The Canberra" as one of the school's "Servers and Sisters".

The first article in the school magazine's 1981 edition is "Meditations on Canberra Cathedral", written by Mr. Spectator, a fictional person in which the author finds his latent sublimations embodied in the hallowed walls of the Cathedral. In due season he comes upon "the shrine of the famous Archbishop Whitley". The small size of the art occasioned some doubt as to my belief, for as well-known that he had ever been over-large in stature and in girth (although he always maintained that he possessed a commanding figure). I had never thought of him but with the professional admiration and in truth admiration that the knowledge and understanding his command of the Latin and Greek tongues was like to arouse envy in an Ancient. A great man. To remember that, whilst under the care of the first Headmaster of the Grammar School he had presented a composition in Latin which contained but two errors. A very great man. It surprised me that he was rewarded.

Likewise he chooses upon the era of "James, as so he does prefer R. A. Francis P. James, for you must know he is the same who, I am told, now holds the office of Prime Minister. Remember both it that he has several times been threatened that without he keep his attention more to Politics and less to writing sermons to lecture he may give up his career."

Despite his reputation for serious academia, young James apparently was something of a playmate and "Answer to Car-

respondent" records, "A Francis P. James—Year seven strike us at somewhat facile."

There was also mentioned an Ode competition, so which "E.G.W." had entered Ode in the Institute of Anatomy, and "A Francis P. James also entered an Ode in *Primo*, but when maintained that most was owed to them." The prize for the competition was as follows: "First Year" subscription to *Hewson*. Second: Two years' subscription to *Hewson*. Consolation: subscription to *Hewson* for life."

"E.G.W." appears to have been more kind at the secret form himself and composed *Sonnet to Helen* and *To My Darling*. His name, Freda, who now headmaster, Sydney's Presbyterian Ladies' College, Greytown would no doubt pay for her charges' salary if they were exposed to the penitence of a school of "E.G.W." To the *Gracious and Beautiful Ladies of the Canberra C. of E. Girls' Grammar School*.

Apart from some fine juvenile poetry, the would be Archbishop Whitley's major triumph appears to be in his scholastic work, where he scored First-Class Honours in English, Second in Latin, an A in French and B in Ancient and Modern History.

Would be Prime Minister James, on the other hand, was obviously something more of a school "cheerleader". He made the hockey team and at described variously as "An intelligent, open-souled, Out-of-the-way young man" and "Queen Bees' most perfect prize dramatist."

We understand that E.G.W. has now switched attention to the Prime Minister, despite that James has given up all hope of becoming Archbishop or Prime Minister but is content to serve as Gough's book-supplier.

## YOUTH AND TRADITION

Within Australia's shores, where men are cold

no learning's quickening influence as yet,  
The rain of arts is likely to neglect  
The benefits our solitudes withhold;  
We praise for countries where traditions old  
Of mind, when art are proudly set  
Where Florence, Pisa, Weimar still bays  
A recollection of the Age of Gold.

Yet times there are, though culture's rays  
endure

These peoples with a charm that even  
moves  
When spite the heritage of grief and true  
The soul must crave our younger  
atmosphere

We have the verdant vista of the New,  
—New skies to scale, new paths to pioneer—  
—E.G.W.

## TECHNIQUES

### Stripping Engravings

STRIPPING is, in a sense, a creative work. The stripper must be methodical and accurate. In every strip he must have the knowledge to enable him to consider the various illustrative techniques, methods and tools and then to select correctly the one which will best suit the specifications and quality level of the job.

For example, the stripper should be able to find the centre of a plate drawn solely by the use of a ruler and a straightedge.

A stripper should know about triangulation. This is a method of dividing an area into any desired number of equal equal parts.

He should know how to use a French square and how to draw an ellipse.

USE OF STRIPPING TOOLS. The stripper must develop a technique of using his tools to produce work that is accurate in every dimension, including:

A complete understanding of proportion is required by the stripper. He must know how to make layout. He should understand the use of work and layout tools.

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DECEMBER-OCTOBER 1986

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# Best for Lyndon, Best for You...

On Saturday, August 18, 1967, a Democratic Primary Election took place in Texas. This was a pre-emption vote for the Democratic candidate for a statewide Senate seat to be elected that November.

On the following Wednesday, the Texas Election Bureau announced that a Mr. Coke Stevenson had beaten a Mr. Lyndon B. Johnson in the Primary by 196 votes.

Yet, the next day, at midnight, the said L.B.J. purchased himself as the one voter and admitted his behavior as "his own quest." Appropriately enough, the next day an unexpected storm was kind which gave Johnson just enough votes to win.

Mr. Coke Stevenson immediately assigned two lawyers, F.B.I. men to check the late voters that had been recorded during that week. Here's what they found:

- All of the late votes were in green ink.
- Some of the late votes had been cast by late members of the electoral roll.
- The "votes" just happened to start with the prefix letter in alphabetical order.

However, when Johnson was told about Stevenson's irregularities, he got an injunction from the State Court House in Austin forbidding any change in the results.

By September 15, with the November Senate election near hand, the State Democratic election committee had to decide who was to be their candidate. By a vote of 29 to 23 they decided in favor of L.B.J.

Unbeknownst, Stevenson tried to make the matter before the State Democratic Convention but his followers were locked from the door. So he took the case to the District Court and argued that his civil rights had been violated when he was deprived of an honest fair election result.

After a full hearing, during which both sides produced their evidence, the judge ruled in favor of Stevenson. When the District Court decided to send its own investigation in to look - look at the disputed vote.

**THE FOLLOWING IS A SUMMARY OF THE FACTS OF THE CASE AS PRESENTED BY THE DISTRICT COURT:**

Buddy, offering him regular work in a kid's show, and so he thought he'd be nice to them and offer them his ideas for television. The ABC was excited by his ideas, and bought them all up—films, plays, the lot.

First came **On the Peninsula**, a living camera involvement of babes in the woods. The ABC ploughed a lot of greenbacks into this before putting the lid on the can while the adding of the film was incomplete. It seems that the scene was too good to be true, or, at least, or something, as it was killed.

Then came **Boys in the Underworld**—a play about prostitutes—commissioned, but never produced.

Buddy started to wander what was going on, even when told for his half-hour show, **John Foster Arden's Light**. In a day, character traits to make a girl—mother daughter for 1966 television. But it was produced and canceled only to the extent of

Things were getting a bit uncomfortable for the Texas. In an attempt to stop the Federal investigation, LBJ's legal advisers appealed to the Texas Supreme Court, which refused to interfere.

However, the Federal investigation figured that they were going to have a difficult time trying to secure the voting but they were able. It appeared that one of the two copies of the list had been stolen and the missing copy was tucked away in a sealed ballot box.

To get at that box would require a day or so more, time that was not to be made available.

For now, when things never looked hopeful for the Texas, the office of his former was placed in the state house of the Texas. It was Mr. Farris who carried LBJ's battle to the Supreme Court of the United States where what had appeared to be the Adams of Brooklyn was turned into an inevitable victory. The Supreme Court held that the Federal Court's Order had to be an absolute and unqualified interference in state election procedures.

That the Federal investigation was brought to a gliding halt on the eve of the opening of the vital ballot box.

(Mr. Farris later rose to infamy as a presidential adviser for Lyndon in his White House and was promoted to the Texas, Supreme Court for his services).

In a final, dogged effort, Stevenson appealed to the United States Supreme Court to refuse to send Johnson. The Senate responded by sending its own investigating committee to look at that mysterious ballot box. Not surprisingly, the Senate investigation never saw proof because the ballot boxes had been accidentally burned by a well-intentioned janitor.

And so, in 1968, "Landslide" Lyndon became a Senator of the United States. Fifteen years later he was able to sidestep yet another election to become President.

Condensed from Underground Press Syndicate report by Irving Shulzki.

## The Boddy in the ABC can

Recently the **Sunday Mirror** featured what it thought was a piece of scandal when it published a front-page photo of Michael Boddy go-aping with naked dancing girls. It was supposed that the ABC might see something amiss in the twenty stone star of the national children's show **Cheeky-peek** participating in bodacious adult activities. But the ABC long ago learned that Boddy is an content merely to pig in front of cameras in sexual children's shows.

Moving left England and on Oxford M.A. behind, Boddy found, after a few years' schoolteaching in Hallow, that he'd have to leave that behind too. Mixing with actors and writers in Melbourne, he soon made a name for himself as a suitable talent in more ways than one. After varied performances on stage and television (including the famous production of **The War Games** he gave **True White Test** by George Sweeney), Boddy appeared in Sydney, in drag, of the **Thill**.

Stepping out of the Thill into the Haymarket neighborhood of junkies, prostitutes and dwellers, Boddy felt the urge to capture the few people who wouldn't see it for themselves. The ABC was nice to

Buddy, offering him regular work in a kid's show, and so he thought he'd be nice to them and offer them his ideas for television. The ABC was excited by his ideas, and bought them all up—films, plays, the lot.

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Buddy started to wander what was going on, even when told for his half-hour show, **John Foster Arden's Light**. In a day, character traits to make a girl—mother daughter for 1966 television. But it was produced and canceled only to the extent of

removing a few **Misses** and **gals**. It was even programmed, and mentioned in the ABC's publicity rag **TV Times**. But, in, it did not appear. In its place, and **John Farris**, who **Penelope** was relegated to a can in an ABC vault. It was promised for 1967, but has yet to appear.

Strongly, the ABC persevered and bought and produced more Boddy television plays—one about a religious nut he left, and the other about a girl in an old-ball Haymarket hotel. These have not been programmed either, and appear to be heading the way of the others.

Other Boddy stuff still lies around the ABC in script form. He was commissioned to write an account of **Miss 1967**, but then the series, despite its high ratings for an ABC programme, was dropped as if it were another Boddy hot potato.

TV executives know Boddy as an affable loon-who pulls faces for the kids. They suspect he might be a bit strange for appearing in unprogrammed films. But no one suspects that Boddy is a highly talented writer who has suffered from the ABC's pathetic disease of double think.

"Look, Jimmy, I understand I am a stand! Who's stood by you all these years? Who backed you up every time? Right? Me! And now I'm trying to do you a simple favor!"

"Thanks, Mr. Ablesman, but I just don't think I can afford—"

"Afford? Afford? Jimmy, how long have you been with me now? Right, nine years?"

"Going on ten."

"Right! Ten years isn't every day of the week. When you're with me ten years, you're with me for life!"

"Thanks, Mr. Ablesman."

"OK. Now listen to me, Jimmy." He lowered his voice. "Should a man who's been a part of Ablesman-Green, who's been a highly valued executive, handling some of our most lucrative accounts for nine or ten years, let his wife be seen catching a bus? I should hope not!"

Jimmy Parkeshum knew what was coming. He knew the argument backwards. Yet he sat in the large soft leather chair facing Klingey Ablesman's enormous desk and listened averse, as to an old play he had heard so many times, as old friends he had passed often before.

"We're the businessmen, Jimmy. We're the bride and mortar of Old Madison. Without an advertising as it is known today is non-existent. And we're the valuable Executive! A pack of money-hungry awards who want to be paid to point Mona Lisa New, Jimmy, why haven't you come to me earlier about a car for your wife? You've got a beautiful home there and I'm proud to be associated with it, but you've

got two garages there. You'll get a new one if you don't have one now!"

Jimmy Parkeshum found it a little difficult to breathe and a dry electric sweat collected behind his knees.

"Look, chief, I'm already in back to you, right up to here!"

"Here I ever said not? Ever knocked you back? Name when?"

"I had hoped you would put through my salary increase while I was on my honeymoon, so I can pay you back quicker."

# the struggle

"Money? Jimmy, when you get to my time of life, you don't want money, you want things."

"Yeah, but they're not accepting customized heads for money now."

"Don't mention that! That business took ten years of my life!"

"I did my best to keep it up."

"Sure! Gave the darkest the meanest divorce case in years. Next time you start to screw around let me know first, so I can fill the front page with ads."

"Money was set for a lot of blood, chief."

"And most of it was mine! Anyway, all kidding aside, how's it now, with Sandra?"

"Great. We get on well."

"Having a house-warming? Come on, now. You got out of having the first one?"

"OK, chief. We'll have a house-warming."

"But seriously, Jimmy, that day wonder of yours didn't go smooth."

"Hegarty?"

"I mean Hegarty."

"That cross-eyed old."

"Don't knock Hegarty. He might've won a beauty contest, but his eyebrows are worth a million bucks a year to us."

"Yeah, but when is this guy going to learn about the separation of Church and business?"

"Then when you're wrong, Jimmy. The Church is big business. Don't knock the Pope. In this business you gotta like what the guy who gets you, believes in. If the President of Procter & Gamble was a communist and wanted to give me his business, I'd order barbed-wire fences for the boardroom."

"Sure."

"Don't laugh! I would! I'd be marching babies along there with him, Medium size."

"That's no surprise. You became a second-year dad."

"You think so, Jim? Maybe I did! Maybe I did eat my way to the top. So what? Who ever got around to eating me will have to have a pretty strong stomach."

When Ablesman finished laughing, he offered Parkeshum a cigarette, took one himself and lit it as the gas flame from Parkeshum's lighter.

"You gotta laugh, Jimmy. If you don't laugh, nothing's funny."

"I'd better stop off, chief. I've got Hegarty

waiting shortly. I'll try and not drop my money heads."

"That's right, Jimmy. Never keep a client waiting. Oh, and another thing. Sit on that new sofa. Hegarty likes that storybook idea."

"The Mona Lisa selling cigarettes?"

"He had a big beef on me, Jimmy."

"I thought it was a great idea."

"Maybe so. But the fact remains that Hegarty thought it looked a little too much like the Virgin Mary. I know! I know! But you've gotta remember—"

"If he thinks you look like Jesus Christ, I'd ask you to get surgery."

"I wouldn't, though."

"That's your prerogative, Jimmy. But it's my business."

"Well, look in my record of minutes."

Jimmy Parkeshum got out of the big leather chair, his back still enjoying its embracing warmth.

"And, Jimmy, your new lady should have taken delivery of a shiny new Valiant by now. I marked it from you. So those should be a message from her on your desk by now. I'd like to be between your sheets tonight."

"Thanks, chief. Over how long are the payments spread?"

"Ten of time. As a wedding gesture, the interest's on me."

"Thanks, chief."

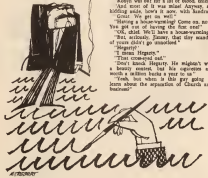
Heavily Heavily

He remembered the first time, not long after he had started there. He had gone in to see Klingey Ablesman about a week later to carry him over a tight time.

Then the money for the house, Ablesman looked on forwarding that.

"No use skimping. Get a nice place. It may be big now, but you'll grow into it. You'll have something to show for your money."

Then came the bust-up with Ruby. Laverne White, Jimmy added up the total and continuing costs, he knew he was in the wrong business.





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by VANDEGAM

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**KINGSLEY ARLEMAN**, even when quite a young, had made his impression. Old man Green had noticed, leaving both his business and his daughter to Arleman.

Arleman had taken the business first, then the daughter. In spite of his calculated caution, he did not escape the charge that he climbed to the top through the daughter's belly.

But it was the revenue which was true. Old man Green, like an aging medieval prison, wanted his blood seemed into the business consciousness to come.

Arleman never let any direct come the darkest invisible line that he had drawn. Any direct who crossed that line was, what he called "throwing oil on the fire."

When the company began to play the prize dance with Arleman, he promptly secured the business of its largest competitor, killed the phase and dished straight through to the General Manager and named his business "Arleman's Best." At five midnight tonight, we will be longer by removing your account."

He being up and asked his secretary not to take call from the company.

Last month, Jimmy Parkinham, Arleman's senior assistant executive on Byrne Tobacco,

## by Ron Blair

married again. All that money seemed to be kept in a vaulting respect. But for a man who loved "dishes" rather than the money which brought them, Arleman had one weakness: disapproval.

Although Jimmy Green left him a sound and thriving business, he might have left a more carefully balanced daughter for the prize to marry. There was a rumour in the agency that the Jensen had to follow. It was said that when Arleman was signing for a large food account, not long after his marriage, he took his potential client home for dinner. His wife served up beautifully but must pass still both in their wrappers.

Jimmy Parkinham had heard this story and a dozen others verified and found in the decade he had been with Arleman-Green. It was true enough that his chief wasn't mean with his wife even. But that didn't mean they didn't live under the same roof.

Kingsley Arleman had kept his biggest clients for a long time because he gave them no reason to move. A divorce might perhaps give one of them that reason, even if the client had had an unhappy marriage himself.

**BUT** what could even Arleman do with Heger? Parkinham always had to play it straight with Heger. High seriousness every time, Parkinham found himself trying to bluff Heger with a knowledge of Jargon. At the same time he had to struggle to look at Heger's good eye, to avoid winking like the other had said the first, and eye that disinterestedly looked elsewhere when Heger was studying layouts and copy.

"Mr. Arleman agrees with me on the idea for this commercial."

"You mean the Mona Lisa angle?"

"I do."

"I think it's a great idea."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Parkinham. I can only think it's a poor idea, but you made like the master."

"If that's a mistake, where's the client? For Christ's sake, the Mona Lisa is a . . . a . . . an international gag. An epoch-making joke. Set to appeal to the wingers."

"I don't think Gyro Capriccio should be made fun of. Nor do I find anything amusing which implies ridicule for the Virgin Mary."

Parkinham had dealt with strange clients in his ten years. One said the word "revolutionary" could not be used to describe his product. The word, he said, was a once used one. Another client had called him a messenger boy. Another had made sexual advances that never before had Parkinham been so disturbed by such a thing as a turned eye. Heger's turned eye that was going at the far side of the moon.

"Mr. Heger," said Parkinham slowly smiling, "we're not seeing eye to eye about this."

"How dare you ridicule my daughter?" Heger was on his feet. Jimmy knew he couldn't let him go.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Heger. It was just an expression."

"There is nothing to say. Please sit down. I will leave immediately."

He was gone. Jimmy Parkinham knew where Heger would look weary and lashed. Arleman would not let him see that.

"I'm as apart as you are, Lancelot."

"I wouldn't like him so he fired. King just give me another follow, but it would be fairly upset to give him the sack."

"This is very generous of you, Lancelot. He has no alternative. You're a charitable man, Lancelot, and I admire you for it. But I can't hope that every one of my clients will be as generous as you've been today. This fellow can't go around running business relationships. It's best for both of us—best for him, in fact, if he only knew it."

"There's nothing wrong with the lad, King. Don't worry, that's all. But I ask you not to fire him."

"I've spent a lot of money on that boy. But you're right. No point in sucking him. Does he give anything. I'm going to send young Parkinham out to see. The office for a few years. Mountain, Lancelot, I'm going to keep you the best opposite executive in the business. I've been organizing some time for him. But you?"

"Down to the ground."

"I won't trouble Parkinham right now. I'll ring him at home. He calls me he bought his wife a new car. Been me, Lancelot, those young fellows are far too well paid today. They haven't had to struggle like us."

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# The Censor- ship scene

IN Minneapolis, in order to prove that *'The Lovers'* — an display at the local art gallery — was obscene, a detective testified that he used a ruler to measure the

penis in the painting, in an attempt to prove that it was oversized in proportion to the body and consequently obscene.



IN West Germany you have to produce a birth certificate to buy a nudist magazine. Nudist groups there have set up a voluntary censorship board.

Women must not be photographed with their legs apart, nor should they have excessively well-developed breasts. Male genitals must be neither exaggerated nor emphasized. Nudists mustn't be shown with their genitals too close to food. Two nude women must not be shown smiling at each other and the pubic hair on women must be of even growth.

THE Ohio State Pharmaceutical Association recently distributed posters to drug stores declaring: "We want to sell only acceptable reading material. If a magazine seems objectionable to you, please call it to the attention of the management." A university student complained about *Time* magazine.

THE important American "Roth" case defined obscenity partially as material which appeals to the prurient interests of the average person in the community. Later, in the "Mishkin" case, involving sadomasochistic books, the appellant admitted appealing to the customers' prurience, but his defence was that these weren't average people, and that fetichism, flagellation or all "instead of stimulating the erotic disgust and sicken." The U.S. Supreme Court sent Mish-

BREASTS  
WIDE ANGLE  
SIX  
BUT DID WOM SAY  
'PURGE'  
OR  
'PURRIDGE'  
SIX 7

IN the "Roth" case, *Pleyboy* magazine filed on "omnicus curiae" brief, which posed the following questions:

"What kind of inner thought or response does the law seek to prevent? Thoughts about sexual perversion? Extra-marital relationships? Changes in sex mores? If a man is shown a photograph of a bathing beauty, would it be impure for him to think (a) of kissing her; (b) of how she would look nude; (c) of intercourse with her; or (d) of marrying her? Does the



thinker's own marital status or his moral standards affect the 'purity' or 'impurity' of such thoughts?"

This stimulating document was signed by Abe Fortas, recently raised to the U.S. Supreme Court bench to replace Arthur Goldberg when he was made UN Ambassador.

In the recent Supreme Court 5-4 decision to send *Essa* publisher Ralph Ginzburg to jail, Fortas cast the decisive vote against Ginzburg. It is almost certain that Goldberg, if he had remained on the bench, would have voted the other way. Tough.

THERE was a conference at the University of Chicago on the theme, "What Knowledge Is Most Worth-Having?" Somebody ran a classified ad in the student newspaper taking the position that "Carnal Knowledge is most worth having."

(Data from "The Reader", which is itself banned in Australia. However, subscriptions may be addressed to Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta. New York 10010 at the rate of American \$4 for 10 issues and \$6 for 20.)



# THE PERILS OF WINNING

Every year Sydney's Contemporary Art Society holds its Young Contemporaries exhibition at Farmer's Blackland Gallery. It is open to all painters of 35 and under. The prize money is the grand sum of \$400, donated by Fairfax.

It is an acquisitive prize, which means that after the winner is given his money, his painting is 'acquired' and packed off to the Fairfax collection.

Like many prizes submitted for this year's exhibition were screened by a selection committee of men three under 35, three over. The short eligible members of this committee are permitted to enter. All three did and were threatened by themselves and their older colleagues for hanging.

With fifty finally selected for hanging, judges Daniel Thomson and Wallace Thomas agreed that it was the highest standard shown for years. What they didn't agree upon was the winner. It is generally thought that Thomas decided for Vernon Trower, while Thomson plumped for Gary Sheeh.



Why not share the prize? Why not indeed, since it would mean Fairfax would acquire two paintings for a mere \$400.

There was one hitch. Sheeh's picture was marked at \$250 and it wouldn't be difficult getting him to settle for \$200. But Trower's painting was up for \$300. It's a long drop.

Trower's entry was a big picture. Six feet by two feet six. Although a painter generally values all his pictures equally, he can only base his price variation on size, materials and medium.

Sydney art prices are something of a joke overseas. The rule of thumb used is multiply a Sydney price by ten to get an idea of what you can ask overseas.

On an afternoon before the show opened, Trower had a phone call from the man agent of the Blackland Gallery. She informed that he had won the prize but would have no share with Sheeh. This meant dropping his price to \$200.

Trower rang Sheeh. Lyon, Fairfax, art critic and President of the CAS. Lyon knew all about the proposed deal and recommended Trower take the cash and let the credit go. There was no money in hard edge painting in Australia, he said, so it's better to take some money than none at all. When Trower declined to settle for less than \$300, Lyon said he would try and rule

"JUDGES ARTISTS CAN'T SEE THINGS THIS WAY!"



came himself. If that failed, Trower should accept the cheque at the opening then turn on a dime. Lyon has yet to deny that he made these suggestions.



Finally, on the verge of the opening, CAS secretary Nola Yell asked Trower if he would settle for \$200. Again Trower declined.

At the opening it was announced that Sheeh's portrait of Sydney architect Philip Cox had won the prize. Trower's picture was awarded special commendation. Trower was the only way to effectively protest against the CAS's handling of the whole affair was to withdraw his work—which had been hung on its side anyway. Two other painters, Wendy Farmer and

Ganther Christmann, took down their pictures in support of Trower.

Although it hasn't been hard for the CAS to call in new gallerists, the walk-out has driven a few people into bigger mugs and high ceilings. The CAS has resolved never to let it happen again and has threatened that Fairfax be asked to increase the prize to \$600 acquisitive or keep it \$400 non acquisitive.

But why should he—oh, for that matter, any of the acquisitive art prize donors—change his mind? After all, \$400 is a pretty steep salary to add one or two promising paintings to your collection each year. As an act of self-interest beneficence it must take the prize itself.

—R B



# BINKIE



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